

Characters

Sherlock Homes

Dr Watson

Sir Cuthbert Worthington-Jones

Lady Veronica Worthington-Jones

Clive Worthington-Jones - Son of Sir Cuthbert and Lady Veronica.

Peter Reichenbach - Friend of Sir Cuthbert's from University aka Moriarty

Wooster - The Butler.

Emily the maid

Estelle Doyle the Cook

Witgar Coles - The Gardener

Lady Arabella Thorn - A young girl in her thirties(ish) and daughter of Sir Montgomery Thorn

Sir Montgomery Thorn - A wealthy business man who lives close by.

Inspector Lestrade

From doors opening to the first line of the evening Dr Watson is sat in a wooden chair at a wooden table in the centre of the stage area. On top of the table is a type writer; busily typing away. There is a spot light illuminating him and the rest of the Barn is lit by candle light on the tables. Whilst this happens a blend of the various theme tunes from Sherlock Holmes adventures is played. Right from the Basil Rathbone to the Guy Ritchie movie versions and everything the BBC has done in between - this will appease the mass audience of Sherlock Holmes admirers.

Once the Audience are seated and the theme tunes have run their course there will be a gunshot fired - Dr Watson doesn't flinch (but hopefully it is enough to get the audience to be quiet!)

SFX Gunshot

Dr Watson: *(Reading what he has written)* In an incoherent and, as I deeply feel, an entirely inadequate fashion, I have endeavoured to give some account of my strange experiences in Sherlock Holmes's company from the chance which first brought us together at the period of the "Study in Scarlet" up to the time of his interference in the matter of the "Naval Treaty" - an interference which had the unquestionable effect of preventing a serious international complication. He still came to me from time to time when he desired a companion in his investigation, but these occasions grew more and more seldom, until I find that in the year 1890 there were only three cases of which I retain any record. During the winter of that ...

Another gunshot is heard.

SFX Gunshot

Sherlock Holmes comes bursting in carrying with him a revolver.

Sherlock Holmes: My dear Dr Watson, I Sherlock Holmes has at last accomplished the un-accomplishable. I have made a... What are you doing my dear fellow?

Dr Watson: Surely Holmes; a great detective, such as yourself, can work that out!

Sherlock Holmes: Must we play these inadequate games Watson. Ok, here goes. I can deduce from the drop of ink on your right index finger that you had started penning your work earlier this morning rather than use the new Blickensderfer typewriter I purchased for you in the summer. Your fountain pen still weeps when filled up and you won't throw it away and purchase a new one because it was issued

to you in Afghanistan. However your conscious got the better of you, and hastening not to disappoint me, you decided to give the new typewriter another go - how noble of you. Due to the small patch of sweat developing under your armpits and the faint smell of coffee lingering in the air, I would say you have been typing for at least two hours straight. The minor shake of your fingers tells me the caffeine is having its effect or your fingers are beginning to ache due to the force induced upon the letter keys to imprint them without a fade or smudge on the lower quality paper you insist on purchasing because it's cheaper and you don't like to waste money. Need I go on?

Dr Watson: Holmes, my dear fellow. You never cease to amaze me!

Sherlock Holmes: As do the quaint folk of the countryside. Here read this.

Sherlock hands Dr Watson a letter.

Dr Watson: To Sherlock Homes, 221B Baker Street. My dear Sir, I Cuthbert Worthington-Jones, wish to have the pleasure of your detective mind to help solve a case which has arisen at my home, The Manor, in Semer, Suffolk. My wife, Veronica, and I are most perplexed as to the how's, the whys and the who's over this mystery. It may sound minor to you, but I fear that behind this seemingly childish prank there is danger lurking. Over the past seven weeks I have received a small wooden figurine on my windowsill every Sunday morning. On the eighth Sunday (Yesterday) I was expecting another figurine -however there was none. Although when I looked at the collection of figurines in my study later that morning, I noticed the one I received on the seventh Sunday, was sawn in half. We have a celebratory evening this Saturday to toast to the health of my good lady wife and I as we have recently inherited The Manor, the estate and the Titles. It is with haste that I beckon you to come to Semer to solve this mystery, I shall of course be able to fill you in on more details of this most perplexing mystery. As stated before I fear danger lurks and with your presence we may be able to keep it at bay. A considerable sum shall be granted for your services upon solving the case. I look forward to seeing you in the coming days. Yours faithfully, Sir Cuthbert Worthington-Jones.... Well Holmes, what do you think? A childish prank or something more sinister?

Sherlock Holmes: I think, good doctor, that a trip to the countryside is in order! Fresh air and a brisk walk is exactly what the doctor ordered. Mrs Hudson, Mrs Hudson! *(Pause)* Why can you never rely on that infernal woman being present when needed?

Dr Watson: Perhaps Holmes, she is still cowering in her room from the shooting you were doing.

Sherlock Holmes: She could hear it? But with the new suppressor of noise I invented for the barrel?

Dr Watson: It isn't the barrel that needs suppressing - it's your mind. Now come along dear fellow, leave the poor woman be. Go and pack and I shall sort the tickets.

Watson exits

Sherlock Holmes: Watson, what do you mean by that? Watson?

Sherlock Holmes follows him.

End of scene one.

Hitchcock Scripts Sample

Scene Two.

The Manor - the room is set as a study, the fire place burns brightly to give a warm ambiance. Sir Cuthbert Worthington-Jones enters and stand next to the fire, a brandy glass in his hand, cigar in the other. Lady Veronica is sat at a chair, sowing and a young man of his twenties Clive Worthington-Jones is sat at a low-slung leather chair reading a paper. The cast can bring on their own items of furniture as the transition changes from scene one to two.

Sir Cuthbert: Three days and still no word from him.

Lady Veronica: Come again darling?

Sir Cuthbert: I said, three days and still no word from him.

Lady veronica: From whom?

Sir Cuthbert: Sherlock Holmes of course. I wrote to him to tell him of the wooden figurines and still no reply. A simple 'no' would have sufficed.

Clive: I told you before Pater, you are wasting your time with that man. He is nothing but hot air. A silly man, who has sought fame and fortune through manipulating the press and ridiculing Scotland Yard's finest.

Lady Veronica: Oh, come now Clive. You mustn't believe everything you read in the papers.

Clive: I do not Mater, but I have it on good authority that Holmes isn't all he is cracked up to be.

Lady Veronica: And who told you this?

Clive: Pater's friend who arrived earlier today. We were discussing detectives and I brought up what I had read about Sherlock. He said exactly what you said, plus he hinted at having first-hand experience with the detective. He let slip that Sherlock was an opium fiend!

Sir Cuthbert: That's enough Clive! You listen to far too much title tattle for my liking. I would think that my friend would not spread such rumours around. If he had met the great man, then he would indeed have nothing but praise for his skills in detection, which have been proven time and time again and documented so.

Clive: But Pater, with the deepest respect to you and Mater, his successes can be mere fabrication on behalf of the author, they are renowned for fabrication of material to make the protagonist better than what he is, as well as embellishing the truth to make the story more glorified.

Sir Cuthbert: Silence Clive. *(He throws Clive a look of disgust and authority.)* I believe your schooling has led your mind to a fantasy land. You will keep these thoughts to yourself over this weekend, especially if the great man himself were to arrive. I shall not have any idiotic notions of yours to cause disruption to what will be an otherwise delightful time. Do not give me reason to take off my belt to you!

Clive: Pater, it would bring me no pleasure to upset either you or Mater this weekend. I shall do as requested by my parents. I am sure there will be a time for the belt to be used at another opportune moment.

Lady Valerie: We should have never sent him to boarding school dearest.

Clive: Do not think for a moment Mater that you have done me wrong.

Sir Cuthbert: At last; the boy is making sense! Boarding school was the right choice in the most part.

SFX - Bell Rope ringing

Sir Cuthbert: Perhaps that will be news of our guest!

Wooster; a wild looking, crazy haired old man dressed in a Butler's uniform enters the room. He is carrying with him a telegram and a candelabra. He has preferably a Scottish accent - but doesn't have to be, as long as it isn't a stereotypical Butler's voice as he is meant to be more down to earth and stuck in his own ways. He was made a Butler just because he was there the longest (Think Fraser from Dad's Army). He tries to be Butlerish.

Wooster: My lord, Lady and young Clive. Forgive me the intrusion, but a Telegram has arrived, I believe it may be from the contact you wrote to in London a few days ago.

Sir Cuthbert: There's a good man Wooster.

Wooster: You're welcome.

Wooster hands the telegram to Sir Cuthbert and then tries to read the telegram over his shoulder, Sir Cuthbert doesn't notice at first but then spies him doing it and moves away - to which Wooster follows.

Wooster: Who's Mrs Hudson?

Lady veronica: I beg pardon?

Sir Cuthbert: Damn and blast it man, I haven't finished reading the telegram to find out. It says here, that we are to "expect Mr Holmes and his partner Dr Watson as soon as Friday evening. They were particularly interested in the peculiarity that surrounded my case that they could not resist it. I advise that they will be tired and weary from the journey from London as they have had to divert to Bury St Edmunds to visit a relative of Sherlock's before ascending upon The Manor, Semer. For most apologies for this unprofessional delay. Mrs Hudson, House Keeper 221B Baker Street, The home of Sherlock Holmes". Marvellous news. Perhaps all will be fine. Wooster, please prepare two guest rooms for Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson, they arrive this evening!

Wooster: Shall I put them in the West wing with your friend?

Sir Cuthbert: Yes, that should suffice

Lady Veronica: Husband, if I may suggest. The East wing has a beautiful view of the walled garden, lake and maze this time of year. Perhaps your esteemed guests would be better suited to the luxury the East wing has to offer?

Sir Cuthbert: Wooster. Slight change of plan. Lady Veronica, has requested that they should be put up in the East wing.

Wooster: Aye, I heard sir. She has a voice as beautiful as a nightingale.

Sir Cuthbert: And as a nightingale, should only be heard the hour before dawn! Please make it so our guests are comfortable. I shall leave them in your capable hands.

Wooster: As you so desire sir.

Wooster Exits.

Clive: Can't understand why you keep him on father. So impertinent! Not like my faithful man - Jeeves, whom you gave me Pater. I know that he shall always do right by me and never falter in the presence of his betters.

Lady Veronica: We're glad you like him. And where is he this weekend?

Clive: I have allowed him the weekend off to help his daughter move abodes. Some little place in Ipswich I believe. But I told him to be back at 4.30 Monday morning to stoke the fire in my chambers before I get up.

Sir Cuthbert: You have much to learn about treating staff my son. Wooster has been in our service since I was a mere boy. He has stuck by this family through thick and thin. Always helping. Now that he is a little on the older side, we can excuse his odd moment of crankiness.

Enter a man from the far end of the barn. He is very professional looking, neat, tidy and well presented. He carries his head at an angle to stop his features being fully distinguishable as he enters. He is Professor James Moriarty; however, he is in disguise at The Manor and under the pseudonym of Peter Reichenbach. (Reichenbach being the place where the Waterfall was located where Moriarty and Holmes supposedly meet their doom in "The Final Problem" and 'Peter' from the first name of the Landlord (Peter Steiler) at the Hotel "Englischer Hof" where Watson and Holmes stayed whilst in "Meiringen" in the same story).

N.B. Throughout the script his name shall be Peter Reichenbach instead of Moriarty, to keep confusion at bay.

Peter Reichenbach: Oh, my good friend Sir Cuthbert Worthington-Jones. I apologise for my lateness in joining you this evening, but I have been captivated far too much by this beautiful Manor house of yours. The grounds, the rooms, the feel of the whole place is exquisite! It tickles every intelligent nerve in my being to the point of excitement. I believe this weekend will be a magnificent one.

Sir Cuthbert: Peter, it is indeed a pleasure to have you once again in our company let alone in our new abode. My it has been some time since your last visit. I believe last we spoke, you were travelling Europe and ended up in Switzerland if memory serves me right.

Peter Reichenbach: Yes, a minor slip along a mountain path into some icy cold water ended my correspondence and my adventures for a time. But enough of small talk, perhaps a brandy and cigar is in order before we reminisce on our university days?

Sir Cuthbert: A splendid idea!

Clive: Pater, may I?

Sir Cuthbert: Certainly not. I need you to speak to the maid to check she has finished cleaning the banquet hall for tomorrow. Make sure it is looking in tip top shape. Also, speak to the gardener before he leaves for home. He needs to have the pedestals brought up from the summer house to the Orangery and to the front of the house by tomorrow morning before any of our guests arrive for the weekend. See to it that all is done and report back to me by dinner time on progress.

Clive: Pater!

Sir Cuthbert: I am teaching you how to run an estate correctly, now not another word. My dear lady, I bid you farewell till dinner. *(he kisses her hand)*

Peter Reichenbach: Lady Veronica - charmed as always. *(He kisses her hand)*

Sir Cuthbert and Peter leave. Lady Veronica picks up her sowing and nods to Clive.

Lady Veronica: See to your father's wishes Clive. One day, all this will be yours and you must keep its reputation up!

Lady Veronica exits.

Clive slouches in the chair.

Clive: *(Mimicking his mother)* One day all this will be yours! Ha! *(back to his normal self)* That day may come sooner than you think Mother! I know how to run an estate properly and when I do get my turn; it'll all be in my favour!

Emily the Maid enters. She is a pretty little thing. Delicate, yet playful.

Emily: Talking to yourself again Clive? More dastardly deeds to rule the world?

Clive: *(Surprised)* Emily... I...err... that is to say...um

Emily: Cat got your tongue?

Clive: Um, no it's you.

Emily throws him a confused glance.

Clive: No. Ha-ha. What I mean to say is that... you caught me by surprise and I...err... wasn't expecting you to be here. *(He sighs)* How are you?

Emily: (*Gives a giggle*) Oh Clive, you do make me laugh. You've never changed. I realise that I make your heart skip a beat and your tongue tied. I haven't forgotten our little night since before you last went away.

Clive draws nearer.

Clive: You haven't? Never have I! Emily I have thought about you non-stop since the day I left.

Emily slaps him hard across the face.

Clive: What the?

Emily then grabs Clive and kisses him passionately.

Clive: Well, now I'm confused.

Emily: Sorry, but I have missed you!

Clive: Well you didn't miss me with that slap! What the hell was that for?

Emily: The slap was for Madge Thistlewhaite! That low-down dirty trollop in Hadleigh (*Or another local small town/village*)! I heard about you and she after you had left. Carrying on with her whilst you were carrying on with me!

Clive: Look, I can explain that.

Emily: Can you?

Clive: (*He thinks*)..... No... No I can't but what was the kiss about if you're mad at me?

Emily: Because I am madly in love with you, silly.

Clive: Emily! *He goes to kiss her and she darts out of the way.*

Emily: Not here! Quick the Banquet Hall, I still have some tidying to do in there.

Emily trots off

Clive: Father said he needs you to have it ready by the morning.

Emily: (*From off stage*) Are you coming or not?

Clive: Hang on the gardener!

Emily: You're not seeing him as well are you? Is there something 'odd' about you?

Clive: Certainly not - well not in that manner anyway. Pater asked me to check up on him about the podiums for the flowers.

Emily: There will be plenty of time to speak to him later, he doesn't go to his cottage on the edge of the estate till 6 tonight.

Clive exits and the lights go down, leaving the barn in total darkness.

SFX a rapping noise, as if a walking stick against a large wooden door.

There is a sound effect of a walking stick wrapping against a large wooden door, followed by silence, then a repeat of the sound effect.

SFX rapping noise repeat.

From the far end of the barn a flickering of light from a candelabra can be seen. Wooster enters carrying the candelabra, he walks through the audience to the main door, whilst saying in a very dramatic tone to build the tension...

Wooster: Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary.
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore - While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping. As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. "Tis some visitor" I muttered, "Tapping at my chamber door- Only this and nothing more!

He reaches the front door of the Manor.

SFX rapping noise

Wooster: Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before; But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token, and the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore" This I whispered, and an echo murmured "Lenore!"

Sherlock: (*Shouting*) Merely this and nothing more! Now will you open this damn door at once sir!

Wooster: Who the devil are you to be rapping at my chamber door at this ungodly hour?

Sherlock: 'Tis Sherlock Holmes and his ever faithful companion Dr Watson.

Dr Watson: We have had the most terrible journey and walked the last ten miles here. The horse threw a shoe on the high road and rendered a limp. We are cold and weary.

Sherlock: More to the point we are guests here for a few nights by invitation of your master Sir Cuthbert Worthington-Jones.

***SFX a large heavy door opening.** - A moonlight beam is cast into the Barn.*

Wooster: Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter. In there stepped a stately Raven of saintly days of yore. Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he....

Sherlock: Yes, yes, alright. Enough of the dramatic stuff. We get it, it's a dreadfully wild and bitter night to be wandering around the Semer moors in the darkness. No fault of our own.

Wooster: Tis the curse!

Dr Watson: The curse?

Sherlock: Yes Watson a curse, much like the Hound of the Baskerville case. This place has a curse on it to. You'll probably find that most quaint old country estates have them; But it is far too late to be informing you of it now. *(Addressing Wooster)* My good man, I would appreciate a small aperitif to keep the cold out, a light supper, my chambers, a roaring fire and some sleep. Might you be able to oblige?

Wooster: *(bringing the candelabra close to his face)* No, No, yes, yes and yes.

Dr Watson: Two no's and three yes's?

Wooster: Kitchen closed. Bar locked up. Your chambers are ready - the fire has been burning brightly for ye; and sleep you bring yourselves from weary travels.

Sherlock: Have you nothing to warm the cockles and keep the cold of the night out?

Wooster: I have a small flask here. Only a wee tipple - medicinal you understand. Two sips each. It's very expensive.

Sherlock: That's the ticket.

Dr Watson: Much obliged to you my good man.

Wooster: If you follow me, I shall show you to your room's gentlemen.

The three of them wander off in the darkness with only the candelabra lighting the way.

End of scene Two

Hitchcock Scripts Sample

Scene Three

SFX - Birds chirping

When the lights fade up, we see the Gardener - Witgar Coles. He is carrying in a pedestal; he places it down to the left of the fire place and then retreats to the green room to bring out the bouquet of flowers to place on the top of it. Emily the Maid and Estelle Doyle, the cook. Estelle and Emily bring in the tables and begin to set them for the dinner. Whilst Estelle is bent over the table facing away from the Green Room, Witgar enters, stops and stares at her bottom.

Witgar: Oh yes! What a sight.

Emily looks up and gives a giggle.

Witgar: I can die a happy man now! I have never seen anything more perfect.

Estelle: *(Turning around)* Are you referring to my derriere Mr Coles?

Witgar: Of course not Mrs Doyle. I would never be such a vulgar man as to compliment your derriere in public. I was actually looking at the bouquet! But if I may pass a compliment on, then it could be said you have a very nice derriere.

Estelle: Get on with you Mr Coles. Behave or else I shall give you cold broth again!

Witgar: Alright, alright. I know when to wind my tongue in.

Emily gives a little giggle again.

Witgar: My, young Emily. you're in a mischievous mood today.

Estelle: Much like most days. I believe someone is smitten that the young master is home again after his travels. Trouble is Mr Coles, some in the room have ideas above their station and must realise that they may never be more than a play thing or will never be able to rise above the social circle they currently encumber.

Witgar: Everyone needs dreams Mrs Doyle. Emily my dear, keep dreaming - it's the only way to achieve anything in this world. Right I must go and get my last few jobs done, then I feel a little nap in the potting shed before the evening's jollities. Oh it's going to be so nice to be involved in a fun evening at the Manor, be part of

high society, been far too long! It's times like these when you get a sense of where you really belong!

Witgar exits.

Emily: He fancies you!

Estelle: Don't talk daft girl.

Emily: I'm not. I have a sixth sense for these things - I can tell. He is all fired up with passion for you. You should go for it Mrs Doyle.

Estelle: You, my girl are pushing our friendship to the limits. However, I may be a widower but it is too close to my husband's death for me to go looking around for a new one.

Emily: It was three year ago wasn't it that your husband died?

Estelle: And still as fresh as if it were yesterday. Now can we change the subject and get on with laying the table.

Emily: I had heard it was the curse of the Manor which did it.

Estelle: My dear girl, you are of a silly head. The curse is just an old wives tale set up a hundred years ago to stop people from trying to oust the Worthington-Jones's when they first came. My late husband did not die because of that. It was a heart attack out on the moors ... when he lost his way.

Emily: Didn't they find a pile of bones next to him?

Estelle: Coincidence. Now for the last time - get on with the table setting.

Enter Sir Cuthbert, Peter Reichenbach, Lady Veronica.

Lady Veronica: Estelle, Emily. What a lovely job you are doing. It looks marvellous.

Sir Cuthbert: Yes absolutely first class. Keep up the good work.

Emily/Estelle: Thank you Sir. Thank you, Ma'am.

Emily and Estelle finish setting the table and then leave.

Lady Veronica: Darling, if you may excuse me for a moment, I must go and collect something from the Red room.

Sir Cuthbert nods in approval and Lady Veronica gives a small curtsy and leaves.

Peter Reichenbach: So Cuthbert, my old fellow. Have you thought any more of my investment opportunity? I mean now that your title hood has given you even more wealth and power than what you already had. Surely you could afford a little to help fund a friend?

Sir Cuthbert: Peter, as attractive as your proposition may be, I perhaps feel it may be a tad too risky for me.

Peter Reichenbach: How does Lady Veronica feel about it?

Sir Cuthbert: She knows not of it yet.

Hitchcock Scripts Sample